CDC
GUNMASTER
12¢
APRIL
GUNMASTER AND BULLET THE GUN BOY
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
CLAY BOONE..
THE QUIET GUNSMITH, WHO HATES VIOLENCE IS FORCED TO USE HIS GUN-GENIUS TO FIGHT EVIL!!!! RIDE WITH HIM AND HIS BUDDY, BOB, AS HE ONCE AGAIN BECOMES....
GUNMASTER!
FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE!
"THE CROSSBOW WAR"
12 SHOT CLIP...
BULLET FEEDING FIRING CHAMBER FIRST AUTOMATIC INVENTED
TUBE GUN CARRIED IN BOOT
CAN FIRE:
1. FLARES
2. GAS SHELLS
3. SMALL MORTAR SHELLS
CLIP FED CUT DOWN CARBINE
FOR LONG RANGE POWER
SNUB NOSED 38 - EXTRA FAST DRAW!

GUNMASTER AND BULLET THE GUN-BOY

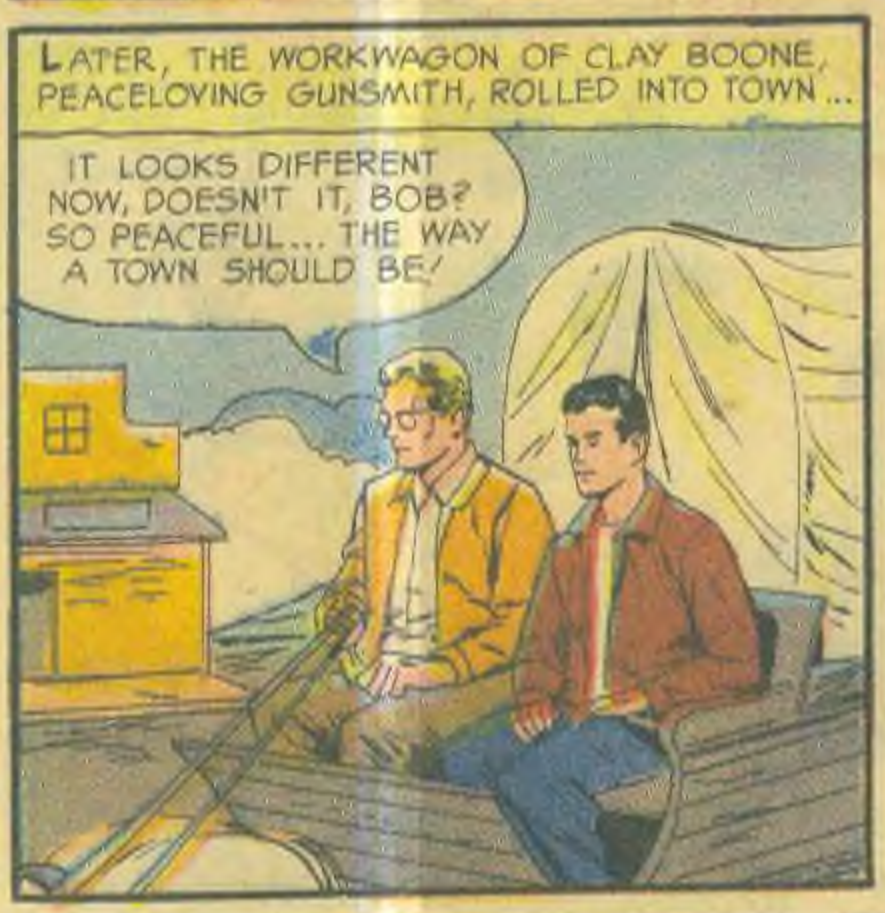
CROSSBOW WAR

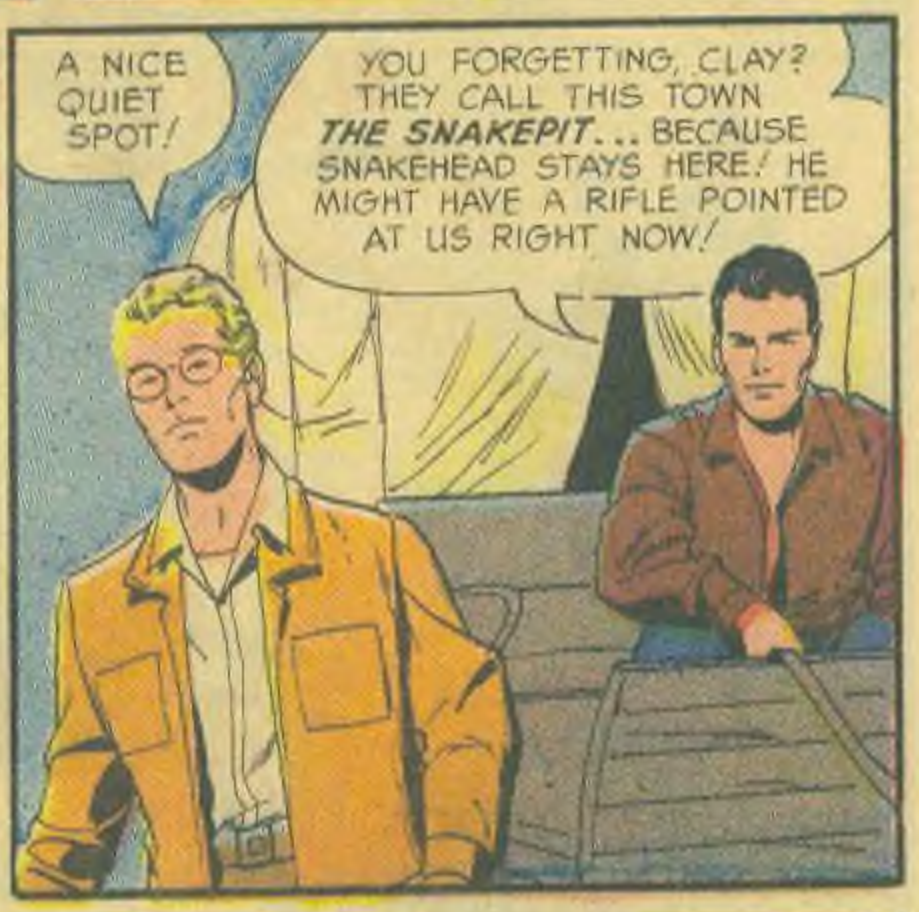
THE FIVE MEN WHO LOOTED THE CARRSVILLE BANK HAD BEEN LED BY A DEADLY OUTLAW APPROPRIATELY CALLED **SNAKEHEAD**... A KILLER WHO LED HIS FOUR BUSHWHACKING BUDDIES STRAIGHT BACK TO THE SNAKEPIT WHERE GUNMASTER AND BULLET BOY FINALLY FORCED A SHOWDOWN! GUNMASTER'S WEAPONS AND SUPERB SKILL, ABLY AIDED BY BULLET'S COURAGE AND FIGHTING ABILITY, SOON CUT THE ODDS...

GUNMASTER ... 5, No. 88, Mar Apr 1966 published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn 06418 Second Class postage paid at Derby, Conn 06418

WE'LL SEND THE PRISONERS BACK TO CARRSVILLE... AND WE'LL STAY AROUND TO LOOK FOR SNAKEHEAD!

SNAKEHEAD'S HIDING, GUNMASTER! HOW CAN WE..?
WE DISAPPEAR TOO, BULLET. CLAYBOONE AND BOB TELLUB WILL SHORTLY ARRIVE IN THIS AREA TO PLY THEIR TRADE AS GUNSMITHS.


LATER, THE WORKWAGON OF CLAY BOONE, PEACELOVING GUNSMITH, ROLLED INTO TOWN...
IT LOOKS DIFFERENT NOW, DOESN'T IT, BOB? SO PEACEFUL... THE WAY A TOWN SHOULD BE!


A NICE QUIET SPOT!
YOU FORGETTING, CLAY? THEY CALL THIS TOWN ***THE SNAKEPIT***... BECAUSE SNAKEHEAD STAYS HERE! HE MIGHT HAVE A RIFLE POINTED AT US RIGHT NOW!

I'M A GUNSMITH, MISTER. MY WORKSHOP IS IN THE WAGON RIGHT OUTSIDE KNOW ANYONE IN TOWN WANTS TO HAVE A SIX-GUN OR A RIFLE FIXED?

MISTER, NOBODY IN THIS TOWN ***OWNS*** A SIX-GUN OR RIFLE! ***SNAKEHEAD*** TOOK 'EM ALL AWAY FROM US! HIM AND THE REST OF HIS PACK O' VIPERS KEEP US HELPLESS THIS WAY WE CAN'T FIGHT BACK!
SNAKEHEAD AGAIN!!

LOOK HERE, MISTER! YOU MUST HAVE GUNS IN YORE WAGON! I'LL BUY ALL YUH GOT! WE'LL FIGHT SNAKEHEAD IF WE CAN JUST GET GUNS TO FIGHT WITH!
I GOT ENOUGH SIX-GUNS AND RIFLES TO EQUIP A SMALL ARMY! I'LL TELL MY HELPER, BOB TELLUB, TO BRING SOME IN!
BOB, BRING IN ... BOB? WHERE ARE YOU?
BOB!
ONE OF SNAKEHEAD'S BOYS CAME ALONG AND STARTED TALKIN' TO THE KID! WHILE HE KEPT HIS ATTENTION, ANOTHER ONE OF THE OWLHOOTERS SLUGGED HIM FROM BEHIND!
WHAT WAS INSIDE THE WAGON, MISTER?
FIREARMS... ALL KINDS OF WEAPONS! I'M A GUNSMITH BY PROFESSION!
CLAY... OUR EQUIPMENT IS GONE! ALL OF IT! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT SNAKEHEAD?
SNAKEHEAD'S MAD AT ALL OF US... BECAUSE WE DIDN'T HELP HIM AND HIS GANG! HE JUST SENT WORD... HE'S GONNA BURN US ALL OUT!
HE'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO TRY IT. TELL ME ... HOW MANY MEN IN THIS TOWN ARE WILLING TO FIGHT?

LOCAL CITIZENS GATHERED NEAR CLAY BOONE AND HIS YOUNG ASSISTANT...

WE'D FIGHT... IF WE HAD A CHANCE TO BEAT SNAKEHEAD! WE ONLY GOT OUR BARE HANDS... NOT EVEN A SIX-GUN.

I CAN PROVIDE WEAPONS.

YOU'LL FIND THIN STEEL RODS IN THE BLACKSMITH SHOP, BOB. PUT A COUPLE OF MEN TO WORK CARVING STOCKS FOR CROSSBOWS.. WE'LL USE THE STEEL RODS AS SPRINGS WITH RAW-HIDE THONGS ATTACHED! THE SAME STOCK STEEL RODS WILL BE EXCELLENT BOLTS.

ANY SALTPETER BEDS NEAR TOWN? AND IS THERE ANY CHARCOAL?

PLENTY POTASSIUM NITRATE OVER BY THE SALT FLAT. THAT'S THE SAME AS SALTPETER, AIN'T IT?

I'VE GOT TONS OF CHARCOAL, MR BOONE.

I THINK WE CAN PUT TOGETHER SOME SURPRISES FOR SNAKEHEAD, GENTLEMEN! COME ON I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO!

HERE'S THE FIRST CROSSBOW! TOO BAD WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO PUT TOGETHER SOME REAL FIRE-ARMS

I'VE GOT AN IDEA, BOB WE'RE GOING TO HAVE *ARTILLERY!*

ON SALE NOW!

TEXAS RANGERS IN ACTION
12¢
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
GO AHEAD, RANGER! JUST REACH FOR THAT GUN AGAIN.... DIE LIKE A MAN!
I.. I CAN'T! I'M AFRAID... I CAN'T
YELLER!
HE'S A COWARD
LOOK AT HIM CRAWL!
HE HAD TRAILED THE OUTLAW 300 MILES... HE HAD SURVIVED BUSHWHACKS, NATURE'S DEATHTRAPS, AND HIS OWN FEAR! NOW HE WAS FACE TO FACE WITH THE KILLER AND NOW HE FOUND HE WAS CRAWLING! "A COWARD'S BADGE!"

CHEYENNE KID

OUTLAWS of the WEST

FRONTIER MARSHAL WYATT EARP

BILLY THE KID

BLACK FURY

GUNMASTER AND BULLET THE GUN BOY

FROM CHARLTON!

JAM-PACKED WITH ACTION!

THAT THING WON'T REACH THAT FAR!
KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT JUG!
CRASH!
ZIISSHH
THUNNNG!
PRACTICE UP WITH THE CROSS-BOWS! BOB, WE'LL GET A BUCK-BOARD... WE'RE GOING TO BUILD A BIGGER CROSSBOW... IT'LL BE OUR ARTILLERY!
THIS DO, CLAY? WHAT'LL YOU DO WITH THE PLANK?
GIVE ME A HAND... WE'VE GOT TO CUT A DEEP GROOVE ALONG THE TOP, MOUNT A SPRING-STEEL ONE INCH ROD ACROSS ONE END... AND THEN FIGURE OUT WHAT WE'LL SHOOT AT THE ENEMY!
CLAY HURRIED TO THE BLACKSMITH SHOP... WHERE HE APPROPRIATED A SMALL KEG OF CRUDE GUNPOWDER WITH A FUSE!
DO YOU THINK OUR CROSSBOW CAN HANDLE THAT HEAVY A PROJECTILE, CLAY?
WE'LL FIRE A COUPLE KEGS THE SAME WEIGHT FILLED WITH SAND FIRST TO GET THE RANGE!
THE CRUDE BUT POWERFUL CROSSBOW HURLED THE HEAVY PROJECTILE AT TERRIFIC SPEED...
WORKS EVEN BETTER THAN I HOPED, BOB!
THUNNG!

THIS IS A SMALL CHARGE OF GUNPOWDER! WHEN THE PARTY STARTS, YOU FIRE THESE BOLTS INTO SNAKE-HEAD'S CAMPFIRE!

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK, MISTER, SNAKEHEAD AND HIS CROWD'LL WIPE US OUT!

POWERFUL HUNTING BOWS WERE SWIFTLY PUT TOGETHER... AND THE TIME WAS DRAWING NEAR!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, CLAY? WHAT WEAPON WILL...

I HATE VIOLENCE, BOB! WHEN I FUNCTION AS GUNMASTER, I AM FORCED TO BECOME A MAN OF ACTION... BUT I AM IN THE GARB OF CLAY BOONE... AND I MUST BE TRUE TO CLAY BOONE'S BELIEFS!

THEN... THE CRUDE WEAPONS AND THE GUNPOWDER CHARGES HAD BEEN FINISHED... IT WAS TIME TO ACT!

WHAT ABOUT YOU, CLAY? WHAT'S YOUR WEAPON?

I'M GOING TO ASK SNAKE-HEAD TO LAY DOWN HIS ARMS AND COME IN PEACEABLY. I WILL BE UNARMED!

CLAY BOONE, PEACELOVING GUNSMITH, WALKED INTO THE MUZZLES OF VIOLENT MEN... WILLING TO DIE FOR HIS BELIEFS IF THAT'S WHAT FATE WILLED FOR HIM...

SNAKEHEAD SAYS LET HIM COME THROUGH!

YOU SOME KINDA NUT, BOONE? I'M GONNA SMASH THAT TOWN! I'M GONNA SMASH YOU!
MEN OF VIOLENCE DIE VIOLENTLY, SNAKEHEAD! I'M OFFERING YOU A CHANCE TO STAND TRIAL... AND LIVE A LITTLE LONGER!
I'M GONNA SHUT YOUR MOUTH RIGHT NOW, MISTER!-- GET READY!
YOU WON'T USE THAT GUN ON ME SNAKEHEAD!
BOB TELLUB LIT THE FUSE... CLAY HAD DIRECTED THAT THE GIANT CROSSBOW BE FIRED IN TWO MINUTES AFTER HE BEGAN HIS TALK WITH SNAKEHEAD!
FUSE IS LIT...
FIRE!
YOU'RE BLUFFIN', MAN, I'M GONNA..
BARROOMM!

DID YOU DO THAT?

THEN, THE CITIZENS OF THE SNAKEPIT OPENED UP WITH THE LIGHT CROSSBOWS... WITH SMALL SACKS OF GUNPOWDER MOLDED ON EACH PROJECTILE!

GOT TO LAND 'EM IN THE FIRE TO DO ANY GOOD!

ONE PROJECTILE LANDED IN THE BLAZING FIRE... THEN A SECOND... AND SNAKEHEAD'S HEAVILY ARMED KILLERS WERE TERRIFIED!

THEY'RE USIN' CANNON AND MORTARS!

KER BLAM

GOT TO REACH THE WAGON... IT'S TIME GUNMASTER TOOK A HAND IN THIS FRACAS!

COME OUTA THERE! COME QUICK WITH YOUR HANDS UP OR I'LL PUMP YOU FULLA HOLES!

8

CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT TWO PAGES

TOM THULER'S THUMB

When George Jacob Forrest was six, his father, who happened to be the famous General John Forrest, bought him an air pistol that was made in Vienna. Mother's objections were pushed aside with but one comment:

"I am alive today only because I could handle my pistols like an expert. You can expect no less from our son."

By the time he was twelve he had won all the medals and cups in his home state in shooting contests. With such shooting skill it would seem that two roads lay open to him when he reached full manhood: Become a lawman and clean up the gang infested towns in the Old West. Or become a gunslinger and let your name be one to throw terror into the hearts of people.

An aunt who died changed all of this because of a provision in her will: If her beloved nephew studied medicine and practiced it he would have a life income of $5,000. Which in those days was a lot of money. This explains how and why Dr. George Jacob Forrest headed West. His fertile mind told him he might as well see the world and spend some of his aunt's money. But he would always practice medicine to ensure that the income would continue.

He landed in the western town of Bloomerfield. Took three rooms and hung up his shingle "Dr. George J. Forrest."

His first visitor was Hirman Shinhan who explained some matters to him.

"I am the town's undertaker and coroner. Most deaths around here are due to bullets. You can earn the $5.00 fee by signing the death certificate. Looks better with M.D. on the bottom.

You will probably soon receive a visit from Tom Thuler. He runs a protection racket in this town. You pay him a fee and that keeps you out of trouble. If you don't, then I'll give you a professional discount on your coffin. Good luck to you."

Then he received a visit from a rather tall middle-aged man.

"Name is Tom Thuler. See you are going to do some medicine here. Town needs a good man like you. But you must stay alive. We have a lot of dangerous men around here. I have a contract for you to sign. For ten dollars a month, and that is my lowest rate, you receive my services."

"I have a better contract for you to sign," grinned the M.D. "For thirty dollars a month you get my services. And you will probably need them."

"Dueling is still legal in this territory," replied the visitor with a chill in his voice. "On Main Street at eleven thirty tomorrow. Otherwise I'll ride you out of town on a rail."

The next morning, Tom Thuler was doing his drinking in the "Moon Palace" and telling everybody that soon the town would be minus its new doctor. When in walked his next potential victim

"There is a possibility that your shot might go wild on Main Street and thus hurt somebody. I am going to count three. Then go for your gun as I go for mine."

This startling turn of events muddled the gunslinger and protection racketeer. But he agreed and everybody moved to the side. Dr. George J. Forrest counted only two when his opponent went for his gun. But it was only half way out of the holster when a bullet smashed into his thumb. And it was all over! Because if you know your Old West, you know how the single-action Peacemaker worked. You had to cock the hammer with your thumb. Then you pulled the trigger.

"You know I can kill you," grinned the M.D. "But why should I lose a good patient? You can stay there and bleed to death. Or you can pay me my fee. I want every cent you collected in this town for the past year. I will see that it is returned."

You tell me, what could Tom Thuler do under the circumstances? He had to agree to the terms. When his wound had healed - his career was over. He left town and that was the last heard of him - but not of our hero.

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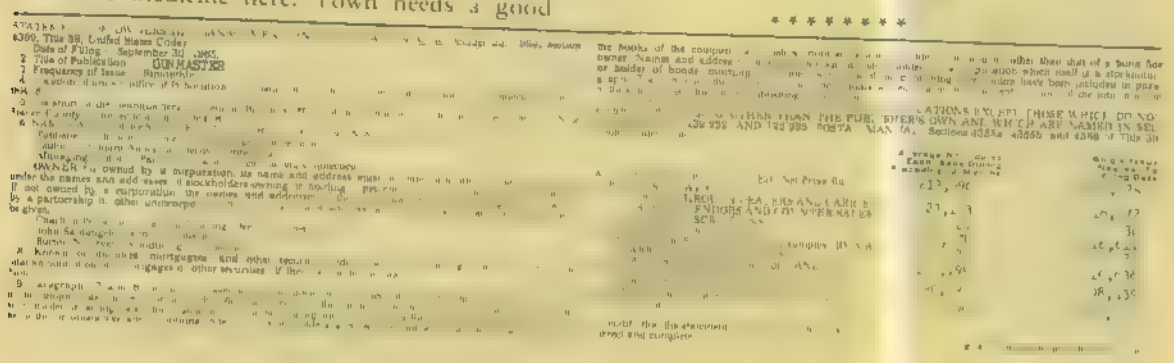


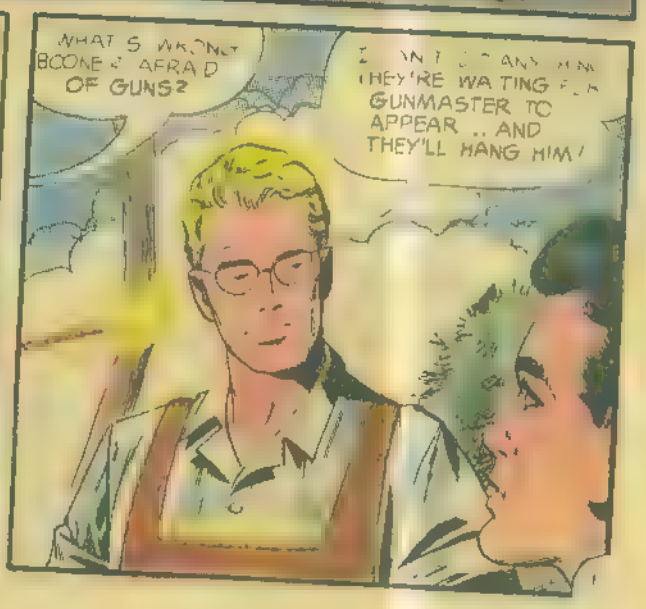
SNAKEHEAD EXPECTED CLAY BOONE NOW VIOLENT GUNSMITH INSTEAD THAT MIGHTY MITE BULLET SMASHED INTO HIM!
IT'S THE KID WHO WAS WITH GUNMASTER... DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY THIS TIME!
IT'S GUNMASTER. GET HIM!
HOLD ONTO THAT SNAKE, BULLET. . DON'T LET HIM WRIGGLE AWAY THIS TIME!
EMPTIED THE CLIP HAVE TO DO IT THE HARD WAY NOW!

GUNMASTER

AND BULLET THE GUN-BOY

THE MASTERPIECE

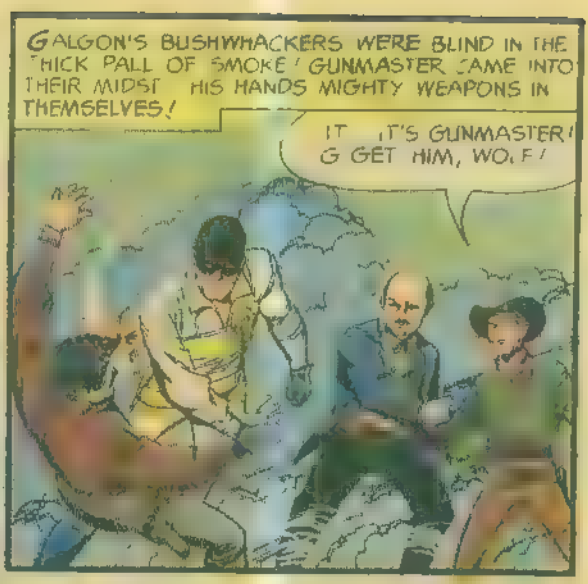
THIS WAS KACEE DREDD THE MOST EFFICIENT AND COLD BLOODED KILLER TO TERRORIZE THE FRONTIER! IN HIS HAND IS THE FINEST WEAPON CLAYBOONE, THE FINEST GUNSMITH IN AMERICA, HAD EVER MADE! MADE OF SPECIAL SWEDISH STEEL AGLOW WITH EXQUISITE FILIGREED SILVER SUPERBLY BALANCED GUARANTEED TO SHOOT ABSOLUTELY TRUE ... AND THEN CLAY BOONE HAD ADDED A LITTLE OF GUNMASTER'S OWN MAGIC SO THAT WHEN HE HANDED TO KACEE DREDD, HE SAID, "THIS SIX-GUN WILL NEVER MISS!"



BRUCE GALLOWAY'S GUNS NEVER MISSED A BEAT FROM THE GUN CAROUSEL HAD CREATED. EVERY BULLET WENT EXACTLY WHERE KACEE DREDD SENT IT
BOB REACHED FOR A RIFLE BUT CLAYBOONE, THE PEACE-LOVING GUNSMITH MOTIONED AT HIM TO PUT IT AWAY
DON'T LET HIM BAIT YOU INTO FIRING BACK AT HIM, BOB! HE WON'T HIT US... IF HE WANTED US DEAD WE'D BE DEAD BY NOW!
I'M AWHOWLIN'! I CAN OUTDRAW AND OUTSHOOT ANY YELLA DAWG IN THE COUNTRY
THAT GOES FOR GUN-MASTER AND BULLET BOY TOO!
AS KACEE DREDD DRIFTED FARTHER FROM TOWN CLAYBOONE AND BOB REASSESSED AT THE WRECKAGE OF THEIR CAMP
CAN ANYBODY YOU SAY GUN MASTER WON'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT KACEE DREDD?
THERE ISN'T ANY LAW IN GREENWAY THE BANK IS OWNED BY A RICH MAN NAMED BRUCE GALLOWAY. HE'S GOT A KILLER NAMED WOLF WITH A DOZEN PROFESSIONAL KILLERS
IF YOU KILL KACEE DREDD WHEN GUN MASTER RETURNS AND FINDS OUT HE'LL COME AFTER YOU MASTER'S SIX FEET TALLER

CLAYBOONE'S MASTERPIECE ROARED. THE .44 CALIBER SLUG SPED STRAIGHT TO ITS MARK! THE HEART OF GUNMASTER!
HE KILLED GUNMASTER!
LIKE KACEE SAYS... THAT NEW GUNBOONE MADE.. NEVER MISSES!
I'M GOIN' UP THERE AND MAKE SURE HE'S DEAD
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE HIM! IMAGINE! I KILLED GUNMASTER! ME! KACEE DREDD!
HE.. HE AIN'T HERE?
GET GOING I'LL PAY A THOUSAND IN GOLD TO WHO EVER FINISHES GUNMASTER!
THE SLUG WOULD'VE GOT ME N THE HEART....F I DIDN'T HAVE THE SPECIAL LIGHT ARMOR BE NEATH MY SHIRT! COME ON, BULLET... THEY'LL BE AFTER US IN A MINUTE!

BULLET HAD ORDINARY FIREWORKS GUNMASTER HAD MADE BUT THE IMPORTANT DEVICE BULLET USED WAS A WEIRD REPEATER WHICH FIRED SMOKING SHELLS!
SECOND STEP OF GUNMASTER'S PLAN!


GALGON'S BUSHWHACKERS WERE BLIND IN THE THICK PALL OF SMOKE! GUNMASTER CAME INTO THEIR MIDST HIS HANDS MIGHTY WEAPONS IN THEMSELVES!
IT IT'S GUNMASTER! G GET HIM, WOLF!

LAST SMOKE SHELL, GUNMASTER

THE SMOKE CLEARED LEAVING GUNMASTER AND BULLET VICTORIOUS, IT SEEMED! IN THE CONFUSION, THE GREAT CHAMPION OF JUSTICE HAD DISARMED ALL HIS ENEMIES!
WE GOT 'EM, GUNMASTER!
WHERE'S KACEE DREDD .. AND HIS MAGIC GUN?

I'M HERE, GUNMASTER, WAITIN' TO SEE IF YOU'RE AS GOOD AS THEY SAY!
PUT UP YOUR GUN, BULLET! I'VE GOT TO FIGHT HIM FAIR AND SQUARE!

MAKE YER PLAY, GUNMASTER! I CAN'T LOSE THIS TIME!

KACEE DREDD CAN'T LOSE THIS ONE!

DIDJA SEE IT? THE GUN *LEAPED* INTO HIS HAND!

NO MAN HAD EVER DRAWN THAT FAST! CLAYBOONE'S MASTERPIECE SEEMED TO HAVE LIFE OF ITS OWN AS IT LEAPED INTO KACEE DREDD'S FIST! AS HE LEVELED IT, THERE WAS AN EVIL SMILE ON THE KILLER'S FACE...*BUT BEFORE HE PULLED THE TRIGGER!*

THE...THE MAGIC GUN *FELL APART!*

GUNMASTER SHOT DREDD'S *GUN!*

CLAY'S GUN *DISINTEGRATED!*

BLAMM

LOCAL DEPUTIES WILL TAKE CHARGE NOW, BULLET! THERE'S MORE THAN ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO JUG 'EM ALL FOR A LIFETIME! TIME WE LEFT THE SCENE!

RIGHT, GUNMASTER!

LATER---

JUST WHAT DID HAPPEN TO THE GUN, CLAY? AFTER ALL ... IT WAS YOUR MASTERPIECE!

THE ONLY THING TO DO WAS TO DESTROY THE WEAPON COMPLETELY! I LOADED A SPECIALLY CHARGED BULLET, ENOUGH POWDER TO KILL AN ELEPHANT--THEN I AIMED FOR HIS CYLINDER WHICH IGNITED ALL THE SHELLS IN HIS GUN!

THE END

the GUNFIGHTERS

WHILE GUNPOWDER WAS INVENTED (IN EUROPE) IN THE 13TH CENTURY BY AN ENGLISH MONK NAMED ROGER BACON, IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE 14TH CENTURY THAT IT WAS ADAPTED TO MILITARY USES! SMOOTH-BORE CANNON WERE DEVELOPED...AND THIS CRUDE FIRELOCK MUSKET WAS PERFECTED!

THE MATCHLOCK WAS A TREMENDOUS IMPROVEMENT OVER THE FIRELOCK. IT ENABLED THE 3 MUSKETEER TO PULL AN S-SHAPED PIECE OF METAL CALLED A SERPENTINE WHICH DROVE THE SMOLDERING IMPREGNATED CORD INTO THE POWDER-FILLED FLASH PAN...

...WHICH IN TURN, IGNITED THE MAIN CHARGE IN THE MUSKET ITSELF! CARE HAD TO BE EXERCISED NOT TO USE TOO MUCH BLACK POWDER INSIDE THE MUSKET

THE WHEEL-LOCK WAS NEXT IN THE EVOLUTION OF SMALL ARMS. THIS WAS A SPRING DRIVEN WHEEL WITH A HARDENED STEEL WHEEL WHICH SCRAPED ON A LUMP OF IRON PYRITES, CAUSING SPARKS TO FLY INTO THE FIRING PAN!

ABOUT 1515 WHEN THE WHEEL-LOCK CAME INTO BEING, THE FIRST RIFLING WAS USED IN FIRE-ARMS..

AS WE KNOW, RIFLING THE INNER SURFACE OF A GUN BARREL CAUSES THE BULLET TO ROTATE AS IT TRAVELS THROUGH THE TUBE. LEAVING THE MUZZLE, IT CONTINUES TO SPIN... AND IT FOLLOWS A STRAIGHT LINE TO THE TARGET, RATHER THAN TUMBLING IN FLIGHT OR VEERING BEFORE IT REACHED THE TARGET!

A BIG INVENTION, ONE WHICH STAYED AROUND FOR MORE THAN 100 YEARS WAS THE FLINTLOCK MUSKET! THIS HAD A SPRUNG TRIGGER WHICH RAMMED A FLINT DOWNWARD ON A SERRATED STEEL PLATE WHICH FIRED THE PIECE! THE ARMIES OF EUROPE USED THIS WEAPON FROM THE 17TH CENTURY UNTIL THE MIDDLE OF THE 19TH CENTURY!

BAM!

AN IMPROVEMENT WAS THE LONG RIFLE OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN MEN! THESE WERE REMARKABLY ACCURATE UP TO 400 OR 500 YARDS.

AN AMERICAN, SIDNEY MORSE, INVENTED THE MAGAZINE RIFLE, USING FOR AMMUNITION A METALLIC CARTRIDGE CASE! THIS MADE POSSIBLE BREECH-LOADING RIFLES SUCH AS THE BIG-BORE HENRY GUN USED BY THE PLAINS HUNTERS...

ANOTHER AMERICAN, SAMUEL COLT, INVENTED THE MAGAZINE OR REPEATING RIFLE...THIS WAS THE FORE-RUNNER OF THE MODERN MILITARY SMALL-ARMS!

BRATATA

THE MAGAZINE RIFLE LED TO THE AUTOMATIC RIFLE IN WHICH THE GAS OF THE EXPLOSIONS WERE USED TO EJECT THE SPENT SHELL, LEVER IN ANOTHER CARTRIDGE, AND FIRE... IN A LONG, CONTINUOUS ACTION!

TODAY, ALMOST ALL TROOPS IN ACTUAL COMBAT ARE EQUIPPED WITH LIGHTWEIGHT, RAPID-FIRE AUTOMATIC WEAPONS!

POW!

BAM! BLAM!

END

THEY'VE COME A LONG WAY WITH SMALL-ARMS! TODAY'S RAPID-FIRE, HIGH-VELOCITY WEAPONS FIRE FAST AND HARD WITH ACCURACY UP TO 500 YARDS! BUT THEY HAVEN'T CHANGED ONE THING...THE OBJECTIVE IS STILL THE SAME!